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PERILS OF HOME RULE.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A MEETING OF THE

GENERAL SYNOD OF THE CHURCH OF IRELAND,

On TUESDAY, MARCH 14th, 1893,

BY THE

Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF DERRY.

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Speech of the Bishop of Derry.

The Lord Bishop of Derry, who, on rising, was received with loud applause, said—The resolution which I have the honour and the almost painful responsibility of bringing before this Synod is as follows :—

That we, the bishops, clergy, and laity of the Church of Ireland, in General Synod assembled, view with the deepest alarm the introduction of a measure which is charged with dangerous elements of revolutionary disturbance, destructive of those most sacred bonds by which society is held together, and in reverent maintenance of which empires, nations, and churches can alone look for the blessing of Almighty God. Objecting to the whole tenor and spirit of the Bill on this primary ground, we are strongly opposed to its provisions in detail ; and first :—

As loyal subjects of the great British Empire, we earnestly protest against its threatened disintegration, and call on our fellow-subjects in England, Scotland, and Wales to join us in resisting a measure that must inevitably and irrevocably effect the dismemberment of the Empire, and the consequent ruin of our position and influence among the nations.

My Lord Archbishop, my lords and gentlemen of the laity, the preamble which I read to you, as you will have perceived, states our united objection to this Bill on the primary ground of its general tone and spirit, and then following in regular detail, I have to speak to you, then, upon the first resolution, and in the course of it the chief stress of my argument will be laid upon that which at first sight appears to be not the most important in it. For I shall dwell chiefly upon the claim which we have to call upon the sympathy and the help of our fellow-subjects. (Hear, hear.) But

in the first place I will say a few words upon what is said about the

DISINTEGRATION OF THE EMPIRE.

The constitution—if it is to be so called—which it is proposed to force on us will necessarily be a monster of weakness—(hear, hear)—in one sense. (Applause.) Let me quote to you language which may fairly be called prophetic. It comes from one who used to be thought a great authority by the Liberal Party. They are the words which were uttered by Lord Macaulay—then Mr. Macaulay—on 6th February, 1833. I believe, though I have not looked closely into it, that it must have been in answer to some observation by Mr. O'Connell, which seemed to some an arrangement of the present kind as a possible solution of the situation. What Macaulay said was this—"This dual business was like the twins of Siam in some remarkable points. Each man was the constant plague of the other. (Laughter.) Each was always in the other's way. They were more helpless than most other people, because they had twice the number of hands. (Hear, hear.) They were slower than other people because they had twice the number of legs. Sympathizing only in evil, not tasting each other's pleasures, not supported by each other's ailments, but tormented by each other's infirmities, and certain to perish by each other's dissolution." (Applause.) This prophecy is different from others in the fact that it was entirely and punctually fulfilled. Now, it does not need very much argument to show that a constitution of this kind must, as our resolution says, effect the dismemberment of the Empire, and lead to the lowering of the influence and position of the Empire at large. (Hear, hear.) It is impossible to respect anything that is

NOT RESPECTABLE.

It is impossible to honour anything not honourable, and no rational man could possibly respect or honour the Empire under the baneful power of a constitution like this. (Hear, hear.) There is no safe element in it—no element of finality. Finality,

indeed, is a word unknown by the majority of the members of the party who force it upon us. As far as we are concerned, there will be no finality. You have only to read the fourth resolution to see that, and as far as our countrymen are concerned, they have taken right good care to tell those whom it concerns beforehand that there shall be no finality with them. (Applause.) And then as to the gratitude which this measure is to win for England upon the part of those who are forcing it on us, I wonder if the English people consider what the gratitude may be worth. (Laughter.) I ask them to consider the case of Mr. Parnell—(hear, hear.)—the man who did more for them than any other man could possibly have done, upon whom they turned and hounded him down, because they thought it was to their advantage to do so, to force him to go from place to place, after nearly blinding him by their violence. We can only say that at present some little time has been graciously or ungraciously given to us for the consideration of this Bill. Meantime we shall not be idle. We have an active Press to which we owe a deep debt of gratitude. (Hear, hear.) We owe much to the superhuman efforts of the *Daily Express* and *Irish Times*. (Applause.) There is a style of beauty which is artless, and of more than ordinary simplicity, and it loves the sun and the shade, and is sweetly silent until something occurs to loose its tongue. I am afraid this Bill, which appears to have some of this artlessness and simplicity, will be subjected to much publicity between this and Easter week. (Hear, hear.) I shall endeavour to show good reasons for calling upon our fellow-subjects in England, Scotland, and Wales to come to our aid and help, and support us in this great crisis, and I shall address myself to a class of men for whom I have the deepest regard and respect. I mean

THE NONCONFORMISTS.

(Hear, hear.) I shall endeavour to show as far as I can their peculiar inconsistency in their attitude in this matter. Their attitude in voting against us, and helping forward our ruin, is inconsistent with the principles they have always professed.

(Hear, hear.) I should like, in the first place, to point out to the Nonconformists that there is the danger of their acting under misapprehensions. In some quarters it was said that this cry of the loyalists of Ireland was simply a cry of indignation. We have read in a paper which I need not name that that indignant cry was something like that which arose over the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. It is, they say sometimes, the getting up of the Episcopalians, it is they sometimes say the getting up of the Orangemen of Ulster, it is sometimes they say the getting up of the squires who have manufactured it among their unhappy tenants over whom they possess such entire and absolute power—(laughter)—in order to raise this cry. There are others who say that it is the men of Ulster—and they like to saddle the whole thing upon the men of Ulster, as if there are no Protestants in any other part of Ireland—(hear, hear)—and they have invented that witty saying of Ulsteria. I think that our fellow subjects ought to be learning rapidly that it is nothing of the kind. (Cheers.) It is not the voice of the Episcopalians, it is not the voice of the squires—(hear, hear)—it is not the voice of the Orangemen merely—(hear, hear)—it is not the voice of Ulster alone—(hear, hear)—it is not the voice of Protestantism alone—(hear, hear)—it is the exceeding great and bitter cry of civilized humanity. (Applause.) It is the voice of the English settlers, it is the voice of the Scotch settlers, who were deluded into coming over to Ireland; it is the voice of earnest Roman Catholics. It is not a “no Popery” cry. (Hear, hear.) If it were a “no Popery” cry, I for one would not stand upon this platform. (Cheers.) There are many earnest and noble-minded Roman Catholics to whom I could trust anything. (Applause.) There are many of them whom I love. (Hear, hear.) They have prayed for me, and I have prayed for them, and one word disrespectful of them I never will utter. (Applause.) But I tell you what it is—it is the voice of 630,000 churchmen, with some twenty or thirty exceptions; it is the voice of about 550,000 Presbyterians—(applause)—and other forms of Protestantism, and amongst them there are multitudes of

men who, I know, were Mr. Gladstone's warmest adherents up to the last general election. (Hear, hear.) It is the voice of trade—it is the voice of commerce, it is the voice of capital ; it is the voice of Chambers of Commerce ; it is the voice of our great seat of learning—(applause)—it is the

VOICE OF ALL THAT THINKS AND WORKS.

(Cheers.) I hear a great deal—I have read it in the papers—people in England have spoken to me about the fanatics of Ulster—the fanatics of Belfast I should say. Are the men of Ulster fanatics ? (Several voices—"No.") They sometimes, perhaps, will call a Roman Catholic by a nickname that is not quite pleasant. We must excuse them, because they are workmen, you know—(hear)—but they know a thing or two. (Laughter.) I have spoken to them, and I tell you the reason why they hate this Bill. They know the value of trade—(hear, hear)—they know the value of commerce—(hear, hear)—they know the character of the men, some of whom employ so many looms, and others of whom have launched upon the sea vessels like the *Majestic* and the *Teutonic*. (Applause.) They know what the meaning of capital is—(hear, hear)—they know that it does not only mean the storage of money that has been amassed by men ; they know that it means something more than that—that it means intellect—(hear, hear)—it means conception—(hear, hear)—and they know as surely as the glass falls before the storm, so surely there are signs now which show that capital will leave Ulster. (Hear, hear.) And they know this full well that misery will come to them and theirs—(hear, hear)—that they will not have employment, and will be forced to go elsewhere to seek for it. (Hear, hear.) They know it, they know capital will be driven off, and they know that the shrinkage of capital is the starvation of labour. (Cheers.) "*Ulster Bluster*," too, is a word which came, I am sorry to say, from the respected descendants of one of the most respected families in Ulster. There is one discovery which I have recently made—it has struck me very much. I really did not know

that amongst the Liberal party there were many political Sangrados who would cure a sick country by blood-letting and superabundant doses of hot water. I did not really know that there were humanitarians who would not for all the world take on their soul the guilt of causing a single drop of blood to be shed for the honour and glory of the Empire, but who are willing to shed whole streams of blood—to

FLOOD ALL ULSTER WITH BLOOD

—(hear, hear)—and all I can say is, that if they goad on the spirits of young and fiery youths, and drive them to excesses, and if the troops of our gracious Queen are compelled to fire upon these men, then I say that every drop of blood that was shed would be upon the head of England—(cheers) and all the waters of all the seas upon which her navies ride would never wash away the stain. (Applause.) If a man reads history, and there is such a thing as history—(hear, hear)—I suppose, unless it has been abolished by law—(laughter)—there have been two fruitful causes of civil wars—one has been taxation, and the other has been taxation without just representation—(hear, hear)—and without just proportion. (Hear.) Now, surely, this is a lesson to be thought on. (Hear.) The Bill is not yet passed, and if it be passed, let any man read the letter which I saw this morning in the *Times*, written by Lord Penzance, and he will see that there are other difficulties yet to be considered. (Hear, hear.) As for those who sneer at the Psalm-singing of Ulster—they are very witty, indeed, in laughing at her piety. A common danger makes men pray in common. (Applause.) To whatever Church we belong we are ready to pray with all those who believe in the living God—upon the deck of the ship which is about to sink. (Hear, hear.) That was, in my opinion, a noble moment when the venerable President of this assembly and the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly—(applause)—joined in a common act of prayer before the Belfast Convention, and rolled out that psalm, which passed like a storm from the building in which they were assembled

—(applause)—to the footstool of the most high God. (Hear, hear.)
I should have thought that the

DESCENDANTS OF THE PURITANS

were the last men who would have laughed at psalm-singing. (Hear, hear.) These psalm-singing men—their fathers once, I believe, showed in England what the psalm-singing men could do. (Do.) Now, I have spoken of the peculiar inconsistency that there is in Puritan Nonconformists in England, in Scotland, and in Wales treating us as they do. (Applause.) What are their leading principles? I am speaking not of their religious, but of their moral and political principles, as evinced by history. In the first place they have always posed in English history as friends of political liberty. There can be no doubt of that. I believe that the opinions of many religious and good men among the Nonconformists of England—I will mention one especially whom I have not the honour of personally knowing, but from whose writings I have derived as much instruction as from almost any other I have ever read—I mean Dr. Clifford, who is against us,—I fully believe that such men as he have been led astray by applying the analogies of English political parties to political parties in this country. Among what I may, without offence, call Celtic politicians, there is no disposition to give and take, no nice adjustment, no compromise, no giving a little to get a good deal for the welfare of the community altogether. To secure a Conservative minority, a decent minority in Ireland under the new Bill, if it ever came into force, would be a very hard thing; but this Bill, as we all know, intensifies, amplifies, increases, and swells out this difficulty into impossibility. It condescends to jerrymander, it draws mendacious maps. The political victim is taken, strapped down tightly by both his arms and both his legs, and then put on the table and a pitch plaister is clapped over his mouth. It is a sad thing to say, but he will have no access to those two extraordinary chambers, which are to stand for the Lords and Commons. In old

times old-fashioned Englishmen and Irishmen—your ancestor, my Lord Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Gough, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Wolseley, and Lord Roberts, and many others—thought themselves honoured by being elevated to the peerage. What a grand thing it will be for Irishmen to be elevated to the Chamber of Snobs. (Laughter.) If the Bill were a fair Bill would not the University of Dublin have had members assigned to it? (Hear, hear.) But we find nothing of the kind, and one knows what excuse will be made. I would pledge a great deal if I were a betting man, which I am not—(laughter)—that it will turn upon the one man one vote principle—that splendid principle, so elastic—a thing to make one blush, to think of one man having more than one vote, but not to have the faintest blush to think that

ONE MAN IS TO HAVE 10,000 VOTES IN HIS POWER

(Applause.) The Nonconformists of England have proved themselves to be the friends of a Liberal University Education. When I was a young man at Oxford no Nonconformist was allowed to come as a student within the walls of the University. The University of Dublin was much more liberal at that time. (Hear, hear.) The Nonconformists stormed the key of the position—they insisted that round the demands of conscience a sacred fence should be made, a sacred circle should be drawn, and that what a man believed or did not believe, or the things that lie behind the veil should not be permitted to interfere with his God-given intellect receiving the best instruction which universities can afford. (Hear, hear.) We have here a time-honoured University, the glory of this land—(applause)—one of the few things that have thoroughly succeeded in Ireland, and yet you will hear arguments afterwards that will prove to you—Lord Ashbourne has proved it—that forfeiture and alienation are within the four corners of that Bill. (Applause.) The master of the eighty slaves—(hear, hear)—has shown that he covets the very site on which the University of Dublin stands. . If this change ever takes place, in the day when the

University of Dublin becomes something else, history will have to be excised from its curriculum. There will be no history then in the University of Dublin. History is such an inconvenient thing —(laughter),—and young men are so curious, and it might bring them into contact with some inconvenient facts, might tell them that there is such a thing as Teutonic Christianity as well as Latin Christianity. (Hear, hear). It might lead them to know that there have been times when the hypnotized patients of superstition have awakened from their slumbers, and turned upon the hypnotiser and thrown him down stairs. (Applause.) These Nonconformists of England and Scotland and Wales, then, are inconsistent in leaving a

LIBERAL UNIVERSITY TO BE DEMOLISHED,

and another of a different character to be substituted in its stead. I will just make another remark. It may not appear to be germane at first, but I think it will be found to be so. The Nonconformists have always had a conscience, which seemed to be peculiarly sensitive upon the question of electoral purity. They are haters of bribes. Should they be accused of being bribed? (Hear, hear.) Reflect for one moment. What is bribery? Bribery is the spirit of simony: it is political simony; it is getting a man to smother conscience for the sake of gain, to keep it conveniently suppressed for days. Mr. Gladstone is so shocked with the conception of bribery that he published a remarkable letter in which, speaking of the means by which the Union had been secured, he spoke not of the blackguardism of Pitt, personally, but of the blackguardism by which the Union was carried. If you look at the question calmly and dispassionately, is there not something in degrees of guilt about bribery arising from the source from which the bribery may happen to come? If I want to get into power, and put my hand into my pocket and give out money I am guilty of bribery. It is a wrong act against a sensitive conscience. Again, I may put my hands, if I am a Minister, into the exchequer of my country. That is a degree worse. It is only at all justified by a statesman thinking that he sees an overwhelming reason for it, and I do not

argue whether Pitt was or was not justified, though I think it probable that he was. Walpole said in his day that every man had his price, and I have heard eminent Liberal members say that it was the vilest, most sordid, and most satanic principle that they had ever heard of. Every class has its price is a later version; but then classes, you know, are composed of individuals, and then this bribery of classes is bribery in the highest degree. The only word to express this sort of bribe—it occurs in Burke, I think; it is an ugly word—the word is bribe-pander. (Hear.) Pander is an unpleasant word. The man who condescends to awaken the lust of covetousness in classes and conditions of men, who procures objects for the concupiscence which he has evoked among masses of people is

A BRIBE-PANDER.

(Applause.) I no more call Mr. Gladstone a bribe-pander than Mr. Gladstone called Mr. Pitt a blackguard. I am only speaking of their policy. (Applause.) I would say to my Nonconformist friends, if I could address them, “Mr. Gladstone, his party, and his policy comes before you with the biggest bribe in his right hand that ever was offered to the sons of men.” If one’s indignation did not rise, I think one could hardly help smiling. Perhaps this assembly would excuse me if I remind them of the passage in the “Fortunes of Nigel.” King James the First is speaking of his son, who, perhaps, was not famous for sincerity, and of his favourite, who was not famous for regularity of life. “I heard,” he says, “baby Charles and Steeny laying down Delgaoud’s duty to gingling Geordie. Man it was grand to hear baby Charles on the guilt of dissimulation, and Steeny lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence.” (Laughter and applause.) When the mists have cleared away, and when the policy of Mr. Gladstone comes to be compared with Pitt’s, I feel perfectly sure that the word blackguard will not be used, because even if our language go on increasing at the rate of some thousands of words in the century there will scarcely be a word, but there may be a word to express the character of the conduct which tries

to corrupt the virginity of soul of one of the honestest peoples under heaven. (Applause.) But then they might say, "Ireland blocks the way, and until we have settled matters we cannot expect the disendowment." A terrible price to pay, the agony of their kith and kin, and ruin to the empire, and yet there is one argument which I must put before you. If this Bill come into force, every man in his senses acquainted with Ireland knows that the voluntary churches in this country will be wiped out. Now the greatest argument for voluntaryism is the success of voluntary efforts. (Hear, hear.) It is the only argument, that has ever had the least real weight with me. I am a friend of the established Church, and I confess to a fear that the argument will fail, but it is at least an argument which any honest man can use with pride, and which it takes a wise man to answer. Mr. Gladstone speaks a great deal. (Laughter.) In introducing another Bill some years ago he professed some desire to have an honourable regard for the civil servants of ours who "in rendering service to the empire were placed in relations more or less uneasy to popular feeling," and then he goes on, "and with what, under this new constitution, will be in all probability, the dominant influence in that country." I ask your attention for one moment to these points. He says, "a new constitution." Therefore, he admits that he is beginning on a totally new principle. And then he says, "What will probably be the dominant influence?" I suppose that most of you at times have been struck by that subtle principle of association in the human mind which makes the words that convey the same idea produce different effects on the one person. I remember being told by Archbishop Whately that he knew old ladies who considered that there was a great difference between taking tartar emetic and antimonial wine—(laughter)—though the chemist will tell you that the constituents of both are the same. So it is with other words. Ascendency is an unpleasant word, the tartar emetic—and

DOMINANT INFLUENCE

was substituted—antimonial wine. (Applause.) Would you

rather be under the ascendancy of certain people or under their dominant influence. If human words convey anything this new constitution is the words, "a new ascendancy." (Applause.) Mr. Gladstone disestablished our Church. He did one thing after another to cut down the Upas tree of the old ascendancy, and he now comes, and, for once in a way, he plants a new tree of ascendancy. (Applause.) Can inconsistency go beyond this? I heard an old gentleman say many years ago that one of the most striking things he ever heard was when he heard the great O'Connell, standing on the hill of Tara, after Catholic Emancipation had passed. The great orator lifted up his hands to heaven, and he said, "The shackles have been stricken from my hands, but the mark of the fetters is still upon my wrists." But the shadow of the fetters still glooms over us, and when this new ascendancy is fastened upon us, where will be the O'Connell to free us from them? (Hear, hear.) Now, I will say to all thinking men in the United Kingdom, and especially to the Nonconformists, "Help us, help us, as the friends of liberty in the past, as the friends of purity of election." I will put it on another footing. I have none of the airy asceticism of the late convert to temperance, Sir William Harcourt. (Laughter.) But as friends of temperance, I call on them to help us in the work. (Hear, hear.) The Bill

STAGGERS UNDER WHISKEY

in its financial proposals. (Hear, hear.) It smells of whiskey, and the snake bite of national bankruptcy is to be doctored by doses of National drunkenness. (Applause.) Yes, I would say to them not to support the spirit of excessive faction in alliance with that of revolution. (Hear, hear.) But great would be his guilt, and terrible and dark will be the shadow of your shame, if it should happen that the great betrayal should be accomplished, and that great betrayal shall be followed by a great fall—the fall of an empire, and the isles will shake with the sound of it. (Applause.)

DATE DUE

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